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BURR BURR



SIR! WE'VE NEVER MET SOCIALLY

GIEPERICH

# "CLEAR EVIDENCE"



Says

## L. J. HOROWITZ

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A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "L. J. Horowitz".

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why TOASTING includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray. LUCKY STRIKE — the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so TOASTING removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing. No wonder 20,679 physicians have stated LUCKIES to be less irritating!

# "It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough



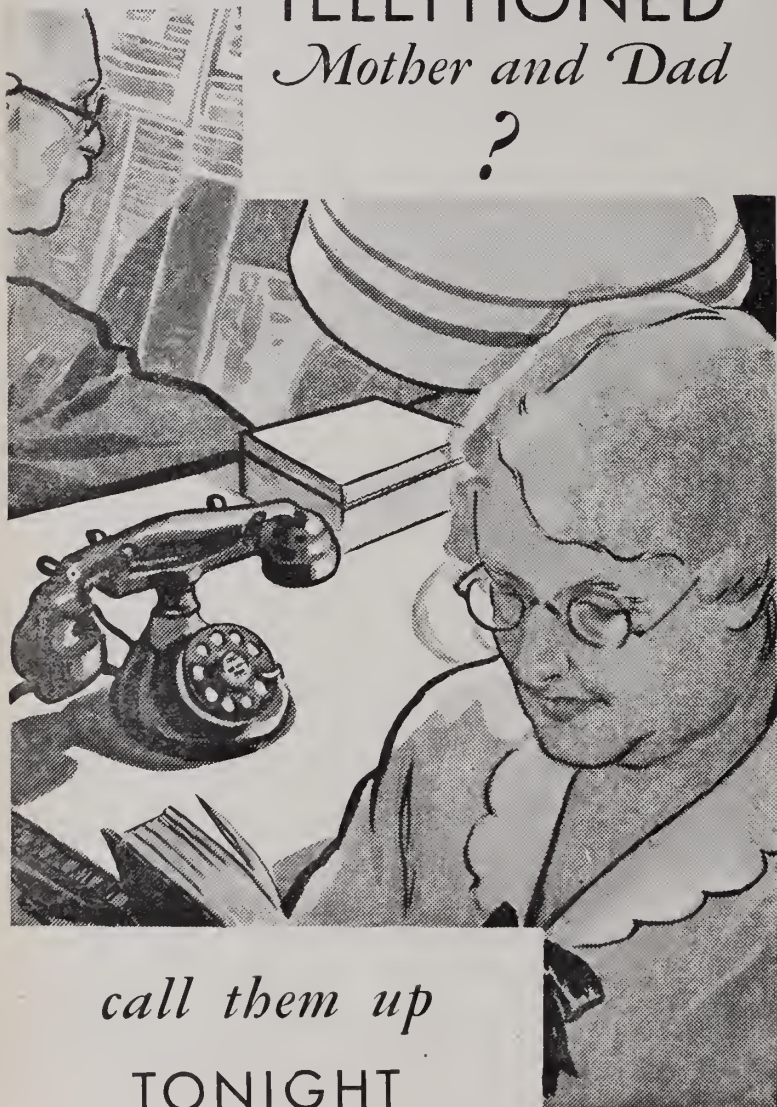
Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. L. J. Horowitz to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Horowitz appears on this page.

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TIME  
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*Mother and Dad*  
?



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A wealthy Hebrew died, and at his funeral a young man in torn clothing was sobbing bitterly.

"Is he a relative of yours?" asked a bystander.

"No," answered the young man.

"Then why are you weeping?"

"Becuz he isn't a relative of mine."—Medley.

—:o:—

In regard to this 156-year old Turk, the first hundred years are the hardest to believe.—Judge.

—:o:—

He who hesitates is last.—Green Griffin.

—:o:—

"An' so I sez to that there Englishman, I sez, 'Just who in hell do you think you are?' and quick as a flash he answers back and he sez, 'Sir, you are speaking to the third Earl of Hampshire and the son of the Duke of Northumberland and Earl of Surrey'."

"Right then I sees that the jig's up. I'm a game guy, but damned if I was going to take on all three of 'em."—Tiger.

—:o:—

Artist (talking to model): "I wish that you wouldn't wear such tight garters——"

Artist (looking more closely)—"And for goodness' sake, quit sitting on those cane-bottom chairs."

—Buccaneer.

—:o:—

Headline in newspaper:

"GAS OVERCOMES GIRL WHILE TAKING BATH."

"Miss Cecelia Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of the elevator boy and the janitor of the hotel where she was stopping."—Brown Jug.



## ON THEIR METTLE

The master, to impress on his pupils the need of thinking before speaking, told them to count fifty before saying anything important, and one hundred if it was very important.

Next day he was speaking, standing with his back to the fire, when he noticed several lips moving rapidly.

Suddenly the whole class shouted: "Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundred. Your coat's on fire, sir!"—Boston Transcript.

—:o:—

First Englishman—Hi saw Lady Bicycle-Bicycle down at the Ritz with your second footman last night, me lud.

Lord Bicycle-Bicycle—How jolly unfashionable! I thought she was with the butler.—Harvard Lampoon.

—:o:—

"SON SLAYS FATHER OF NINE."

—New York Times.

Birth control.—Jack o' Lantern.

—:o:—

Don't kick a man when he's down—he's liable to get up.—Annapolis Log.

—:o:—

Warble a dirge

For cross-eyed Jake;

He grabbed her leg

Instead of the brake.

—Green Griffin.

—:o:—

Our idea of absent-mindedness is the bride who walks home from a ride with her husband on their wedding night.—Drexlerd.

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College Printers

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Fraternity Printing?

436 Wyandotte Street, Bethlehem

We print the Lehigh Burr, Students' Handbook,  
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Now, if we could find a Freshman whose father was a politician, whose uncle was Graham MacNamee, whose mother-in-law was Dorothy Dix, whose sister was Rudy Valee, and whose pet dog was Lon Chaney, we might be able to fill up this space with a good joke.—Punch Bowl.

—:o:—

The main trouble with the straight and narrow path is that there is place to park.—Voo Doo.

—:o:—

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He laughs best who laughs with the prof.—Tiger.

—:o:—

"Oh, Dear! You were wonderful! You rowed faster than any one in the boat."—Tiger.

—:o:—

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Capital	\$300,000.00
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—

Willis—What did that absent-minded professor give his children for Christmas?

Gillis—An Easter lily, a package of firecrackers and some April fool candy.—Bison.

—:o:—

It's only when you view the flappers on a breezy day that you begin to realize the wind that's wasted blowing ships around.—Bison.

—:o:—

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M. EDW. FULMER, Vice President and Trust Officer

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"Hey, hey, Oscar, want to come to the christening?"

"What, ho, and who's breaking the bottle now?"

"They're renaming the Dental School the School of Pessimism."

"And why?"

"Yo, ho, 'cause they're always looking down in the mouth." — Punch Bowl.

WOMAN CLIPS WOOL  
AND MAKES YARN  
—Boston Herald.

And a fine story it was.—Jack-o'-Lantern.

—:o:—

NO NEED

"Ma, baby just dropped a penny down the well."  
"I'll give him another."  
"Oh, don't bother, he still has it in his hand."  
—Red Cat.

—:o:—

Prof: "I'm letting you out ten minutes early to-day. Please go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes.—Wampus.

—:o:—

Prof.—All right, Jones, give your impromptu speech.

Jones—I'm not prepared sir.  
—Notre Dame Juggler.

—:o:—

Early to bed  
And early to rise  
Makes a girl  
Healthy and wealthy.  
—Gargoyle.

—:o:—

"Father said I can't marry you until you can support a family—there's six of us, you know."  
—Purple Parrot.



# SECTIONAL and ALL-AMERICAN

## football selections for 1930



● These honor teams were named at the close of the last college gridiron season. After careful study and consideration of the most brilliant players competing in all sections of our country, Les Gage, Sports Editor of College Humor, has named the first, second and third All-American elevens.

In making these selections advices were received from a competent corps of football critics, each of whom witnessed the important games in his own section. These eight sports writers have also selected mythical All-Star teams of the South, Southwest, Missouri Valley, Pacific Coast, Rocky Mountain, Middle West, New England and Eastern sections.



● College Humor's staff of football critics, who have collaborated with Les Gage in choosing the 1930 All-American:

- Robert Harron, New York Post
- Zipp Newman, Birmingham News
- C. E. McBride, Kansas City Star
- Lloyd Gregory, Houston Post-Dispatch
- George Carens, Boston Transcript
- C. L. Parsons, Denver Post
- Oliver Kuechle, Milwaukee Journal
- Ed R. Hughes, San Francisco Chronicle

Names of the one hundred and seventy-six leading college players will appear

. . . In the  
FEBRUARY issue of

# College Humor MAGAZINE



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## REASSURING MOTTOES FOR STUDENTS ON ENTERING EXAMS

Do or die.—Alger.

Into the valley of death marched the six hundred.—Tennyson.

Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.—Dante.

Sink or swim.—Alger.

I would rather be right than be president.—Clay.

But the glory of the present is to make the future free.—Van Dyke.—Bison.

—:o:—

Sin: Hear about Jack? He drank some sulphuric acid by mistake.

Copation: Kill him?

Sin: Hell, no; he said the only thing he noticed was that he made holes in his handkerchief every time he blew his nose.—The Brown Jug.

—:o:—

"Let us," said the alderman, "put our heads together and make a concrete road."—Ingleside.

—:o:—

Bursting open the door marked "Private," the butcher confronted the local lawyer.

"If a dog steals a piece of meat from my shop, is the owner liable?" he asked the man behind the desk.

"Certainly," replied the lawyer.

"Very well, your dog took a piece of steak, worth a half dollar about five minutes ago."

"Indeed," he returned, smoothly. "Then if you give me the other half, that will cover my fee."

—Wall Street Journal.

—:o:—

She (playing piano) — That was "Siegfried's Death."

He—I'm not surprised.—Mugwump.



*Properly  
Salted*

THERE is a salty tang to these big, brown Planters Peanuts that makes them irresistible. Make sail for the nearest confectionery counter. Stow a glassine bag in your pocket. Look for MR. PEANUT on it. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

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**PLANTERS**  
SALTED PEANUTS

A man somewhat under the influence of seven percent attempted to pass through the revolving door of a downtown restaurant. Each time he entered he made the complete round and found himself again in the street. After several unsuccessful attempts he sat down on the sidewalk to figure it out.

A moment later a young man walked rapidly up to the street and went in. The door went round and a young lady came out.

The inebriate was puzzled. "What gets me," he remarked, "is what the devil he did with his clothes."  
—Exchange.

—:o:—

Joseph had been sent to bed by his mother for using profane language. When his father came home she sent him up stairs to punish the boy.

"I'll teach that young fellow to swear!" he roared and he started up the stairs. He tripped on the top step and even his wife held her ears for a few moments.

"You'd better come down now," she called up after the air had cleared somewhat, "He's had enough for his first lesson.—Cooperative Engineer.

—:o:—

Jean: Who was that girl you just spoke to?

George: Never mind now, dear, I'll have enough trouble telling her who you are.—The Puppet.

—:o:—

Judge: You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?

Driver: Yes, your honor.

Judge: And what have you to say in your defense?

Driver: I didn't know it was loaded.—Brown Bull.

—:o:—

Indignant Father—Last evening I distinctly saw my daughter sitting on your lap. What explanation have you to make?

Joe Gish—I got here early before the rest sir.

—Log.

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of the well-bred  
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A Russian was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to march me through the rain like this."

"How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We have to march back."—Iowa Frivol.

—:o:—

Our idea of zero in entertainment is sleight-of-hand tricks by radio.—Youngstown Telegram.

—:o:—

It has been rumored about the campus that one of Grinnell's most promising freshmen failed to pass entrance examinations at Ames last year. He was asked the famous farming question, "Which side do you milk the cow from?"

"The udder side," answered the yearling.

—Malteaser.

—:o:—

Wife: Is that you, John?

Voice from darkness: Who was you expectin'?

—Medley.

—:o:—

Sophomore: What's stranger than a one-armed man winding his wrist watch?

Freshman: I fess up. Dunno.

Sophomore: A glass eye at a key hole.—Beanpot.

—:o:—

Sob—What's you waiting for?

Drunk—Street car.

Sob—Why, there's no street car here.

Drunk—I know it, that's why I'm waiting.

—Green Griffin.



## WELCOME LEHIGH STUDENTS.

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# THE LEHIGH BURR

VOL. XLI

JANUARY, 1931

NUMBER FIVE

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Exclusive rights granted to *College Humor* magazine.

Issued during the college year by the students of Lehigh University in the following months: September, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May and June.

Subscription, Two and a Half Dollars.

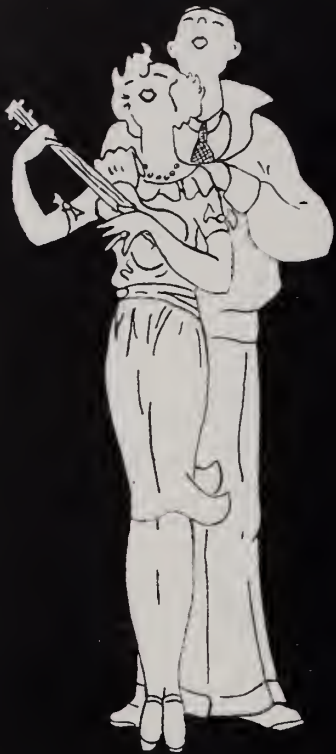
PRINTED BY THE LEHIGH PRINTING COMPANY, BETHLEHEM, PENNA.

The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for the editorial work and policy. The Business, Advertising, and Circulation Managers are each responsible for their respective department. All communications should be addressed to the respective department of THE LEHIGH BURR, Bethlehem, Pa., which they concern. THE LEHIGH BURR is entered at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa., as second class matter.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE COMICS OF THE EAST.

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BEACH, KRIEBEL



Douglass Brigham



## BURRO PREDICTS FOR 1931----

**A**T LEAST one Phi Beta will say, "I don't know how I made it. I go out every night on a date. (You just know he's got a girl.)"

The dean will threaten to put some publication on pro—"if it doesn't print clean humor." (Cleanliness is next to godliness, sir.)

Dean Curtis will say to at least one student, "I'll have to suspend you for taking too many cuts. Sorry, Ha! Ha! Ha! (Usual silly laugh and grin.)"

"Doc" Bull will save another life by the quick and clever use of four "C.C." pills, an ounce of Brown's Mixture, and two minutes under the light. (Damn clever man, say what you want!)

Okeson will tell how Lehigh beat Lafayette "back in '88" before a crowd of (25) amazed and wide-eyed frosh at a pep meeting. ('88 was the year of the blue snow.)

The D. U.'s will start another movement to keep politics out of campus elections. (They took an awful rooking at the last polls.)

One of the "huskies" on the debating team will say as he collapses after losing to the Emaus College of Pharmacy, "I did it for Dear Old Levi." (He means Lehigh.)

Bradford will beat his record at pacing the floor while reciting his book in "Money and Banking." (Page C. C. Pyle.)

There will be more signs and fences spread over unnecessary portions of the campus by Mr. Litzenberger and the staff of useless consulting architects. (Nice work, fellows.)

There will be great improvements on the "city" of Bethlehem. (A new sewer and a garbage dump.)

All speakeasies will be raided by the police and opened the next day. (Consistant?)

Heavier fines will be levied on Lehigh students for walking on the wrong side of the street.

Bigger and better movies will not come to Bethlehem (They'll raise the admission charge just the same.)

The physics department will get worse and worse. (Another weak mind will probably be added to the staff.)

More students will kick about taking M. S. & T. (The colonel will wave the flag and every officer will learn more unintelligible commands for spite.)

The faculty will give more exams and tougher ones at that. (They are too easy now, Heh! Heh!)

The dean will encourage sixteen new national fraternities to install chapters at Lehigh. (We have only 27 terrible gangs here now.)

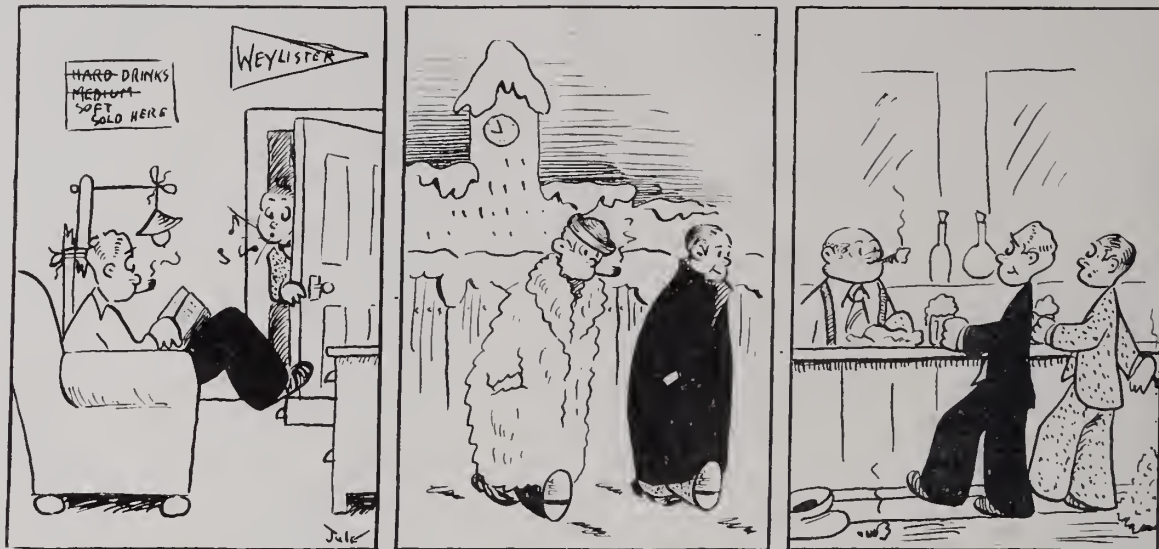
The faculty, trustees and entire alumni body will go on record as favoring clean, amateur Lehigh athletics, but opposed to difficult football schedules.

Austie Tate, Dean McConn and Dr. Carothers will swear off smoking. (Oh, yeh?)

The entire student body will cause a big uproar for the abolition of compulsory chapel, Arcadia will do nothing at all about it, and the faculty will assert that the opposition is a publicity scheme of the BROWN AND WHITE. (We'll go to chapel just the same.)

John Toohy will receive a new jar of mustache wax in return for a second-hand bicycle for Lamson. (Watch out for those handle bars, gents.)

THE BURR will become bigger and better. (Phooie on the BROWN AND WHITE!)



A KAPPA BETE "GETS ON THE BOOKS."

#### BITS OF ADVICE FROM THE MOVIE COLONY

"Whoopee," says Eddie Cantor.

Buddy Rogers advises "Heads Up and Follow Thru."

Joan Bennett—"Scotland Yard is a good place but then Maybe Its Love."

Clara Bow—(On Her Wedding Night) "Love Among the Millionaires but I'll always be True to the Navy."

Jack Oakie (The Sap from Syracuse)—"Lets Go Native but it takes Sea Legs."

El Brendel—"Just Imagine being on The Big Trail with The Golden Calf."

Jeanette MacDonald—"I adore being a Lottery Bride at Monte Carlo."

Robert Montgomery—"I'll take Love in the Rough."

Lew Ayres—"I like it when things are All Quiet on the Western Front"

Dorothy Mackaill—"Nothing better than being an Office Wife."

Harold Lloyd—"Feet First is always the best policy."

Uancy Carroll—"Laughter is what makes the world go 'round."

Prof. Sloan: What are the Harvard classics?

Frosh: The football games with the Army and Yale.

--(o)--

Student: Well, my dear, did Santa fill your stocking?

Bethlehem Babe: Hell, no, cod liver oil did it!

--(o)--

George: Say there ought to be a cooling system in Mary's house.

Pat: There is, her old man sets down stairs whenever I call.

--(o)--

Soph: "How much to Lehigh?"

Taxi driver: "Forty cents."

Soph: "How much for the bags?"

Taxi driver: "They go free."

Soph: "O. K. I'll walk."

--(o)--

Did you ever

Find a brother

Who was broke

As any other.

But when you touched him

For a loan

He didn't whine

And start to moan,

Instead he cracked you

On the dome.

## THE DARNED HEEL

The young wife glanced across the library table. On the other side the young husband was deep in his evening paper.

"Eddie!" She spoke softly, tenderly. There was a dreamy smile on her face; in her hand was a sock she had just taken from a dainty workbasket. "U-m-m!" His response was muffled, indistinct, perfunctory. She smoothed the sock on a knee.

"Ed!" Her voice was affectionate, but not quite so cooing.

"Eh?" He was like a congressman responding "Present" on a roll-call, admitting existence, but not committing himself.

"Edward!" The faintest of frowns shaded her brow.

"Do you know, do you realize this is the first—the very first—sock I've ever mended for you?"

"Well, now!" Much, plainly, was demanded of him on this epoch-making occasion, to which he did not feel himself rising adequately.

There was a line—quite a visible line—in her forehead. "There's a great hole in the heel, and you've had this sock only three months."

"Right! Part of my trousseau."

"And—and how long have you been wearing socks?"

He made swift calculation. "Oh, dozen years — yes fifteen."

"And they've worn through now and then?"

"Lots of times, at the heel. My weak spot—or theirs." The line in her brow was a furrow. "Their weak spot—or yours! I've thought you Sir Galahead, but I wonder—I"—

"What?"

"If you're only Achilles."

"Meaning thereby"—He was frankly puzzled.

"The fatal flaw in the armor—the heel of Achilles."

He stared at her. "I pull up. Can't follow you."

She met his gaze coldly and resolutely.

"For a dozen years—no, fifteen — you've worn holes in the heel of your socks.

What then? Did you throw the socks away?"

"Hardly! I'm no plutocrat."

"Then you hired somebody to mend them?"

He shook his head. "No; can't recall any special payment."

"Yet they were mended?"

"Of course."

The sock fell to the floor. She sprang to her feet. She faced him, her eyes blazing, her shapely head proudly and defiantly erect. Love, so long undisturbed co-tenant of the pretty library, sidled toward the window; a green-eyed imp was thrusting in at the door.

"Edward Jones!"

The man's jaw sagged for an instant then it came back with a sharp click of teeth against teeth.

"Yes, I've always been able to fix it." He spoke deliberately, almost tauntingly.

"Then some—some woman fixed it for you—some woman who—who made no charge for it!"

There was a tragic anguish in her voice. The imp was inside the room. Love was on the window ledge. The young wife swept toward the door. Her hands were clasped on her heaving bosom.

"The fatal flaw—the heel of Achilles," she moaned.

"Hold!" He too, was on his feet. "What's this? You're going!"—

"Because some other woman darned my socks?"

"Because she pre-empted the place that should have been saved, inviolate, for me. Those who labor without money and without price"—

He stopped her with a gesture. "Not so fast! There was no especial-er-er-appropriation — that's true. But why don't you ask me who she was?"

"I don't care!" I won't care! I won't"—

"But you'll listen? That good angel of a bachelor's socks was"—

She put her fingers to her ears—very lightly. Then she fought temptation and lost.

"She — she — was"—The words were forced from her lips.

"The washerwoman—I never send my laundry home to mother when I was in college—she threw in the mending."

Love scrambled back through the window; the imp sprained an ankle in his dive for the door.

"Oh!" gasped the young wife, as the man's arms closed about her.



JUST ANOTHER OUTSTANDING ARTIST

# PINK PAJAMAS

by  
J. H. Holzshu

## Chapter I

It was a winter night. The air was cold, clear, and plentifully breathed. The heavens were dark; only a few stars being visible through the heavy clouds above. A wind, although some of the time nothing more than a slight breeze, was blowing the coats and dresses of the individuals collected about the railroad station.

The station was nothing more than a two story brick building erected some time after James Watt had invented the steam engine. In front ran three tracks of rails. Between them, on the pavement, about nine persons were standing or walking. Some prepared, with toothbrushes and pajamas, to board No. 10 for points west; others, waiting for the arrival of passengers on the same train.

A whistle shrieked through the stillness of the cold night, and soon a train pulled in. Grenway was the stop. Several adults and a child boarded the train. After a call of "All Aboard," the last car disappeared into the darkness that lay beyond the range of visibility of the station arc lights.

The conductor was in another section of the train; so Jerry who was returning home from Grenway College for the holidays, slid his satchel under Lower 5, and went back to the smoker.

There an elderly gentleman sat next to the window. He glanced up at the newcomer. Another man was studying the second page of the stock market. Jerry read several sections of a newspaper that had been left on the seat, and smoked a cigarette, before returning to the other compartment.

He parted the curtains of his lower berth, and as he sat down on the bed he laid his hand upon

something that was soft and silky like. Surely a Pullman did not have sheets which were that nice, he thought. In a moment he held before him a pair of pink pajamas of lustrous silk. No man, or anyone who dare call himself a man, would wear anything like that. They felt so good next to the skin; they must have belonged to a woman.

"I'm sorry," said a tiny voice. "I just took them out of my bag and laid them there for a second."

Jerry stood up, to find himself almost face to face with the owner of the pink pajamas. She was as small as her voice; as beautiful as the color of pink; and as nice as the feel of the silk. The light in the hallway shining on her hair, made it look like gold. As the dimples came to her cheeks, and as her red, tender lips parted, he marveled at his find.

Upon recovering from what almost seemed like a dream, he managed to say a few words.

"You are sleeping in Upper 5?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you would want the lower berth?"

"If you would want the upper berth?"

"You have your choice."

"The lower will be more convenient, if you will be so kind."

## Chapter II

As he climbed down from his berth next morning, Jerry noticed that Lower 5 was unoccupied, but that a pair of pink pajamas had been thrown across the bed.

When he returned from the washroom, the porter was disassembling the berths.

"The young lady must have forgotten her pajamas."

"She got off?" asked Jerry, quickly.

"Yes, sir. At Pittsville. Guess

I'll have to turn these over to the lost and found department."

"I'll save you the trouble. I will see her soon again, and I can give them to her."

"Thank you, sir."

"You don't know who she is, do you?"

"No, sir. But she's been riding on this here train ever since I been a porter. She told me her father was once head of this road, and left all his money, but I don't know what her name is."

"Baltimore the next stop?"

"Yes, sir."

## Chapter III

The next day Jerry enjoyed all the comforts of a vacation spent at home. There was an invitation there for him — the Drew sisters were giving a dance at one of the country clubs on Tuesday. It was now Sunday, and Jerry was trying to get a date for the dance. May was dated up for Tuesday, but he arranged to take her out Monday; Joan was going to another party that evening; Alice's grandmother had died (that's an old one); and so on, until he gave up and decided to go stag.

Tuesday it was snowing, and by the time he drove out to the club, there was an inch of the white blanket on the ground. He parked the family Studebaker next to some big car from a foreign state.

"Gee! It must be wonderful to own a crate like that," he thought.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened until about eleven thirty. At that time Jerry met a girl whom he had met but once before. Jane Martins—the girl who had slept in his berth three nights before.

"Wait here until I get my wrap," she said, "and then we'll go out to my car and talk about

(Continued on Page 20)

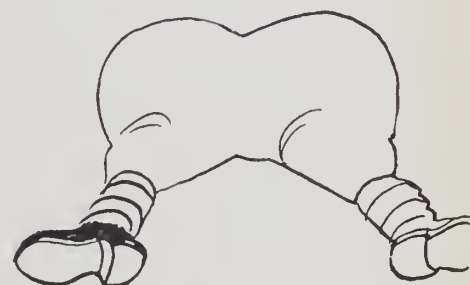
# LITTLE MASTERPIECES & RANK VERSE



IN DAYS OF OLD  
THE STUDES WERE TOLD  
A COURSE IN WAK WAS SOFT  
BUT ANYONE THAT  
THINKS SO NOW  
IS BATTY IN HIS LOFT  
WE BLAME THIS CHANGE  
UPON A GENT  
OF MILITARY BEARING  
BUT OFFER THANKS  
FOR TOSSING OUT  
THE LOUSE SACKS WE  
WERE WEARING



HE'S CAPTAIN CLAY  
OF THE HORSE MARINE  
HE WATERS HIS NAG  
FROM A SOUP TUREEN  
A GALLANT SOLDIER  
TALL AND LEAN  
WITH WARLIKE IDEAS  
IN HIS BEAN



LOOK CLOSER FRIENDS  
—THIS THING YOU  
SEE IS NOT A  
PROFILE OF THE  
APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS  
NO INDEED FOLKS — IT  
IS ONLY SERGEANT  
GASDA DEMONSTRATING  
THE PRONE POSITION



FRIEDRICH

## TELEPHONING WITH THE SIGMA NUS

FEMALE VOICE — MAY I SPEAK  
TO OSCAR GLOOK PLEASE.

OH! HE'S OUT — BUT  
WON'T I DO.



Y'KNOW I'M PRETTY  
STEAMY MYSELF. I  
COULD DO YOU LOTS  
OF GOOD



C'MON BABY — WHATTA YA  
SAY WE GO PLACES??  
WHAT'S YA NAME KID — HUH?



THIS IS OSCAR'S MOTHER



## FOR THOSE LIKE I

Vacation and hilarity  
End and in reality,  
All the glamor that has gone,  
Seems a bit too overdone.

Back to school and we proclaim  
Work is now our only aim,  
Exams are close and we must pass  
Every teacher's boring class.

Resolutions have their place  
But like a modern maiden's face,  
It merely takes one evening's spell  
And they are changed by living hell.

In less than half the spanning space,  
Between exams and vacation's grace,  
Those things we were so sure of then  
Have changed and resolutions end.

We pray to God for our success,  
We hope the answer will be yes,  
But study is a foolish thing,  
We're born in life to have our fling.



A LOOK, A GLANCE, THEIR EYES MET, and  
THEN LOVE . . . . .

"SAY, GIRLIE, CAN YOU MEND SOCKS?"

## FATE

"Nothing can stop me now,"  
quoth our hero to himself as he  
slid noiselessly into his place. The  
room filled rapidly, and as the  
gong sounded the hour of eight,  
those terrible papers were passed  
out. For some they were to spell  
their death knell, while for oth-  
ers, they were as a godsend from  
heaven.

But our hero smiled as he  
watched the bustle about him.  
How frightened some of the oth-  
ers were, but not he, he had been  
through all of this before. He  
knew this racket better than any  
of the other mugs. With a muffled  
oath and, "I'll make short work  
o dis," he set to work.

Then suddenly, throughout the  
room a cry was heard. It filled ev-  
ery corner and passed on to the  
startled world outside. It sounded  
like the cry of the wolves in the  
Canadian wilds on a dark, snowy  
evening when death is at hand.  
Our hero half arose in his seat,  
his fingers clutching madly at his  
hair, and with unknown words  
frozen on his white lips. He sum-  
moned all his remaining strength  
to stand erect, but failing, he top-  
pled forward unconscious.

Oh, the irony of it all! How  
he slaved, and worked for this one  
big moment, only, only to have  
failed in the end and taken the  
wrong crib to the exam.

00:00

Well, Prohibition is better than no liquor at all!

Sig Ep: Oy, am I sick!

Delt: Whatsa matter?

Sig Ep: I ate one of those Unemployed Apples,  
and it started to work!!

00:00

A Chinaman was trudging over  
a light snow near a lumber camp.  
Looking back he saw a bear fol-  
lowing him and cried to it as he  
sped on: "Missa Bear, you seem  
to lika my tlacks—I makee some  
more."



**"BELIEVE IT OR NOT" said DAPPER DAN, "WE WERE ONLY WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS".**  
 CUT FROM THE WOODPILE by HÖRL FREIDAY

The BURR takes great pleasure in presenting to its readers this year's ALL AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM as chosen by Grated Rice, the greatest of all sports writers and that equally famous coach, Knot Rocky.

FIRST TEAM

L. E.	LOCK	YALE
L. T.	STEIN	MAINE
L. G.	BRIEF	CASE
C.	MOUNTED	NORTHWESTERN
R. G.	FOUNTAIN	PENN
R. T.	JOIN	ARMY
R. E.	OFFSPRING	WM. & MARY
Q. B.	GUMS	FORDHAM
L. H. B.	BEANS	BOSTON
R. H. B.	CEMENT	LEHIGH
F. B.	HUNCHBACK	NOTRE DAME

SECOND TEAM

L. E.	DEACON	TRINITY
L. T.	BREW	MILWAUKEE
L. G.	RIVERS	SUSQUEHANNA
C.	STEEL	CARNEGIE
R. G.	LIMESTONE	INDIANA
R. T.	BULL	MONTANA
R. E.	PASTE	COLGATE
Q. B.	ALTAR	TEMPLE
L. H. B.	SHIPP	NAVY
R. H. B.	SMOKE	PITTSBURGH
F. B.	MINES	COLORADO

**DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN**

When old Daniel refused to comply with the demands of his enemies, they began to threaten him with dire punishment. "Look a-here, old feller, if you don't obey the orders of the king we'll fling you into the lion's den," they said; but they couldn't scare old Daniel. He realized that he had to choose between going to Hell, if he didn't do right, and being flung into the lions' den if he did. He was in a pretty bad predicament, I can tell you, but he didn't hesitate long. He told them that he was going to do just as he had been doing, and he didn't care a cent whether their old king liked it or not. So they yanked old Daniel up, and they took him to the lions' den, and they pitched him into it heels over head, and they said, "Now, old fellor, we've settled with you.

But Daniel was not dismayed, and soon made himself at home among the lions. He gave them to understand that he was some lion himself. The lions finished gnawing their bones, and began to stretch themselves out for a nap. The old he-lion lay down in a nice, clean place, and looked at Daniel as much as to say, "Here, Daniel, you come lie down here, and put your head on my shaggy mane for a pillow." Daniel did so, and the lions soon fell asleep, and all was quiet and peaceable as Daniel lay there with head pilloved on the lion's mane."

(The audience sat breathless, while the speaker's face assumed a quizzical look, as if he was recalling his recent experiences.)

As he lay there looking up toward the mouth of the den, old Daniel no doubt thought of the choice he had made, and how lucky he had been in following the dictates of his own conscience, and with a sigh of satisfaction he exclaims, "Well, this beats Hell!"

--(o)--

If a nickel will buy a Nehi, what will a dime buy?"

--(o)--

There are some who prefer to squeeze blondes rather than black heads.

--(o)--

English Prof.—Will some one please show me the meaning of the word litanies by using it in a sentence.

Volunteer—The man slipped on the ice and litanies back side.

--(o)--

Dr. Ullman—Now name something that chemistry has given us.

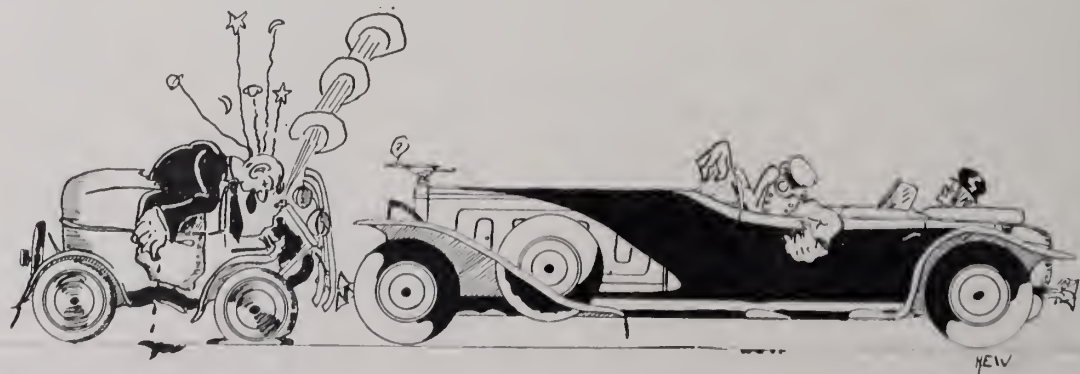
Student—Blondes.

--(o)--

"Do you think the new secret society will be a success?"

"Oh, it is sure to be!"

"Why, practically every member will be supreme or exalted something or other, and besides that, we have four or five entirely new adjectives to hang to some of the biggest titles."



WEALTHY OLD WIDOW:

"JAMES, SEE IF YOU CAN GET THE LITTLE BOY'S KIDDIE CAR FIXED."

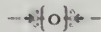




Bill: "Did you hear the last word in puns?"

Sill: "No!"

Bill: "Opun the door!"



### PERCY FINALLY GETS HIS BALL AND CHAIN

"You sent for me?" asked Percy.

"Yes," replied Gladys embarrassedly.

"You have reconsidered and wish to change your answer?"

"I do," she admitted, twisting her handkerchief.

"Why?" demanded Percy suspiciously. "You almost jeered at my presumption in proposing to you."

"I miss you," confessed Gladys.

"You came so often."

"I see," said Percy coldly. "I became a habit, and you have decided that taking me would be easier than taking a cure. I refuse to be a dose."

"But you've got to marry me!" she cried desperately. "You've ruined my life, and if you don't do the right thing, I'll sue you or something!"

"What?" he gasped.

Gladys lacerated her corsage bouquet in tearful silence.

"Did I not invariably provide a U drive when I took you out?" demanded the aggrieved swain. "And see that you didn't stand in a draft when you had become overheated by dancing? Did I ever fail to bring you home before you got too much beer?"

"Oh, you did all of those things," conceded Gladys, drying her eyes with the care necessary to preserve her complexion. "But sitting up with you till twelve o'clock three or four nights in the week gave me chronic insomnia. Save me Percy!" She begged. "I was always so deliciously sleepy after an evening with you!"

"I'll be hanged if I'll be a sleeping powder!" Shouted Percy. Then the lure of her tempting red lips overcame him.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," craftily proposed he. "I'll be your fiancee."

"You darling!" she murmured, attempting to wind her soft white arms around his neck.

"Wait!" commanded Percy, "will you furnish the ring?"

Gladys demured, but finally agreed.

"And you swear that you will not sue me for breach of promise when I break the engagement?"

She swore, as there were no witnesses and he could not hold her to the oath.

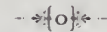
The rest was easy. That night Gladys sent the announcement to the newspaper, and rather than have people believe that he had been jilted, Percy married her. When they had passed through the rice shower to the exclusion of their drawing room, Percy took the bride upon his knee.

"Darling," he coaxed, with the doubt born of much knowledge, "tell me the real reason you became so determined to marry me, after having once refused me."

Knowing that alimony is just as good as pin money, Gladys could afford to do as a dutiful wife should—tell her husband everything.

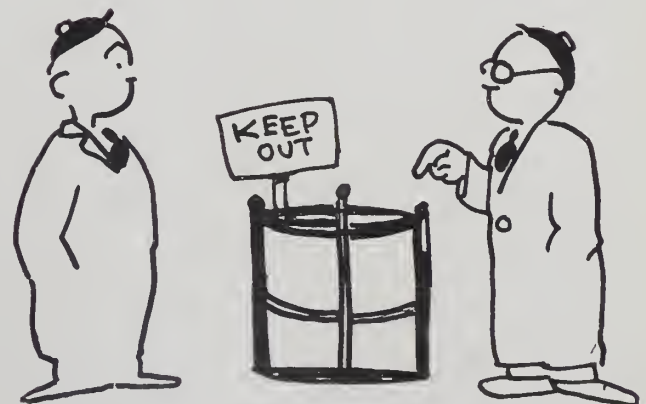
"When I rejected you," she signed, "I thought I had the other fellow hooked. But he got away."

Percy gulped hard, then consoled himself with a kiss and the thought, "It is better to be second choice than not to be chosen at all."



"We are now passing the most famous brewery in London," explained the guide.

"We are not," replied the tourist, as he hopped off the bus.



—NORMAN CALPER—

"MAYBE WE CAN GET IT HERE, ELMER?"

### PINK PAJAMAS

(Continued from Page 14)

old times."

It was still snowing, and he carried her from the road to the car.

"I was wondering who owned this big car. Do you have any others?"

"Just the one; that's all I need."

"I have this electric heater in here, so the back seat is really warmer than it is in there."

"I have your pajamas home, do you want them?"

"The pink ones? You can keep them as a souvenir."

"I'd rather have what goes in them." They smiled at one another. "Why did you leave them in the berth?"

"Oh, probably as a decoy."

"Do you make a habit of leaving such aluring things on trains?"

"It all depends who's on the train."

"I'm beginning to like you, Jane." A pause. "I could spend half the night telling you how attractive you are, how your eyes fascinate me, and how beautiful and sweet every feature is, but that would be wasting time." He kissed those red, tender lips which were rivaled only by those pink pajamas.

The End.

o:o

Wee Burro thinks the world is on the down grade—why, even Bunker Hill isn't on the level.

o:o

According to good authority, the following conversation was carried on by a group of Pennsylvanian Dutch — three girls and one young man—

1st Girl to Fellow—"Oh get away. You're the worstest guyl ever before in all my life did see."

2nd Girl—"Me eider."

3rd Girl—"Neider did me too!"

### BACK BRUSH SPECIALIST

Why do you think he is a born peddler, Mame?  
Because when I'm in the bathtub he always rings the bell.

—(o)—

### MAENNERCHOR THEME SONG

"Hold Everything."

—(o)—

O seeress divine, in Love I've failed  
And all girls pass me by;  
When I my assets have detailed  
Tell me the reason why.  
I am a poor but clean young man  
And pursue an honest trade;  
I from a lowly start began  
And am rising grade by grade.  
I'm a handsome boy from head to heel  
And have a sparkling wit;  
I simply radiate sex-appeal—  
In other words, I've "It."

My boy you're must mistaken  
Like others of your class;  
No wonder women have you forsaken  
And snub you when you pass.  
You may look swell from head to heel  
(Now do not think I'm funny)  
But "It" is not called sex-appeal  
For "It" itself is money!



BETHLEHEM — 1911

BETHLEHEM — 1931

## RESOLUTIONS YOU SHOULD HAVE MADE

FOR 1931

1. To swear off people who carry umbrellas. Although your hat is almost sure to be knocked off, it is better to have it shoved off several times into the gutter, than to have your eye poked out. And then the hat always prevents that big drop of water from going down the back of your neck.
2. To swear off strange girls in trains. Some of the sweet young things do shorten the time of the long ride, but it is not worth the chance of getting one that will talk the ear off of you, or else shed dandruff and long hairs on your blue coat sleeve.
3. To swear off profs who have a habit of giving quizzes on Monday mornings, or else of talking so loudly that you can't sleep.
4. To swear off Fraternity Brothers who wear your clothes. There is always some brother who wears just the same size shirt, shoe, sock, or derby that you do; or if he doesn't, he can make them fit. It's not so much the fact that you loan them something, but that they borrow permanently.
5. To swear off girls who aren't hungry. Some girls never have an appetite until they get a bill-of-fare in their hands, and then what an appetite.

o:o

In a Lucky Strike cigarette heat purifies, but I don't think this applies to some people I know.

o:o

Fretts: "Lewis, have you ever been on an island?"

Lewis: "Yea, one time I fell out of an airplane and as luck would have it islands on one of them."



WATCH OUT OR THE FLUNK DEMON  
WILL GET YOU!

## PROBLEMS OF CONDUCT— NO. 13

Suppose you were in your first year at college. At home you had a sweet, devoted mother, a hard working, industrious father and an intelligent, interested sister. Final examinations were close at hand and you found that to pass a course you needed to make 120 in an exam in which the highest possible mark was 100. Would you go to the exam and merely sign your name on the paper, or would you spend those four hours drinking beer and resolving to make an A in the course when you repeated it?

Liberty will pay \$100 for the best answer to the above prob.

Two knights of the road were walking along the railroad tracks and found a bottle of white mule. One took a drink and passed it to the other. And so forth until the bottle was empty.

After a while one puffed out his chest, saying, "Bill, tomorrow I'm going to buy this railroad. I'm going to buy all the railroads, all the automobiles, all the steamships—everything. What do you think of that?"

Bill looked at his companion disparagingly, and replied, "Impossible, you can't do that."

"Why not?"

"I won't sell."

After spending four weekends per month in Philly, and other erstwhile pleasure resorts, (?) most of us have decided to settle down to a few classes, buy a book or two, and start cramming.

Of all the dirty, dirty cracks!! We mentioned the Lehigh Burr to a State co-ed, and she comes back with: "Oh, yes, it was on "pro" several weeks ago, wasn't it?" But, never mind, these co-eds just CAN'T understand.

If you want a good, clean laugh sometime, look out for Harry Andrews and his imported sporting cap. We don't know where it was "imported" from, but the cap sure has "It." (This is ONE time the "ayes" don't have it).

Concerning those little brass spots on the curve near Packer Hall, we ask: "What for?" Of the uses we could name, the best is that they are meant for "equilibrium balancers." If you are able to trip, daintily, from one spot to another, without missing, the "morning after," you are apparently in condition to go to that Sociology class.



BIG C. E.—"How are all the spillways on the dam working?"

LITTLE C. E.—"Just as sluice as ever!"



THE CLERGY STILL SAY

THE COUNTRY IS DRY!

Speaking of professors — oh, haven't we been? — we understand that Capt. Rice and Lt. Emery, of that More Stuff and Tripe Department, spent a nice, enjoyable evening during the Scabbard and Blade initiation. Pretty soft, this army racket!

What a columnist needs is, either the snooping tactics of a Walter Winchell, or a good "undercover man," to get him the dope. Now, we're looking for a good "snooper," and open the nominations with a few suggestions. How about: Haas, Allen, or Sgt. Lavin, or DeGray or Munzer? Good easy work—all they have to do is snoop around and get all the dope on marriages, births (pending), speakeasies, raids, and other items of interest to Burr readers!

o:o

We just heard again of the lady who swallowed a spoon. Now she can't stir.

Sophie Pillow sez, "Some girls are so dumb they have to count on their fingers while others count on their legs."

—:o:—

KAY: "Why did the new file clerk get sore and quit?"

MAE: "Because the auditor asked her to let him look at her pink slips."

—:o:—

### OPEN CONFESSION

"I'll be frank with you," said the young man when the embrace was over, "You're not the first girl I've ever kissed."

"I'll be equally frank with you," she answered, "You've got a lot to learn."

—:o:—

### FOR 1931, WE RESOLVE——

- I. To attend all classes.
- II. Never to miss dear old chapel.
- III. To be early for every lecture.
- IV. To submit term papers on time.
- V. To keep off the grass.
- VI. Not to drink.
- VII. To prepare assignments faithfully
- VIII. To return Library books when due.
- IX. Not to swear.
- X. Nexer to poke fun at the Dean.
- XI. Not to tease the Brown and White.
- XII. To break each of the foregoing.

—:o:—

### A FORWARD PASSER

NELL: What's become of your football player who used to be over every night?

BELLE: Oh, I penalized him fifteen nights for holding.

—:o:—

An optimist is a fellow who takes his girl out riding in an Austin.

—:o:—

### EPHY TAFF

Here lies the remains  
Of Billie B. Dell  
Her husband came home  
Without ringing the bell.

### TO A BUNYAN ON MY LADY'S HEEL

Tiny, hateful, cowardly, bump  
Cursed, hideous lowly lump,  
Thou bring'st me anguish, woe—not weal  
Perched upon my lady's heel.

Horrid, awful, wretched bane  
Mean, villainous thing inane,  
Thy heart is surely made of steel,  
Why did'st thou choose my lady's heel.

—:o:—

### BARFLY BLUES

Oh father, dear father,  
Please hurry home,  
The last batch is off,  
And Ma's drowning in foam.

—:o:—

"Say big boy, queried the Dizzy Blonde as the music stopped, how does the orchestra know when all the couples have finished."

—:o:—

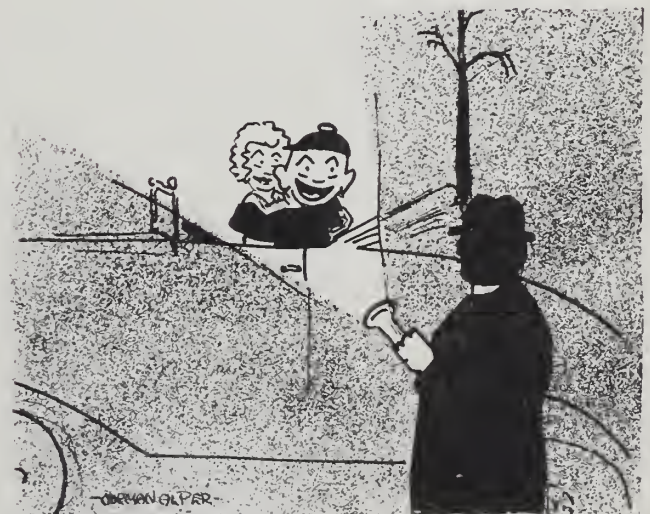
### NO MURAD HERE

Daring Daphane says, if you ever get into hot water, be nonchalant —— take a bath.

—:o:—

### WHO SAID IT FIRST

"If you know what I mean" Noah Webster.  
"Get HOT, BABY" Nero  
"I'm gonna get it in the neck" Marie Antoinette



SYNCHRO-MESH TRANSMISSION

# ENTERTAINMENT

*Knowing that there will be quite a migration to New York City after the conclusion of the final examinations, we should like to offer the following theatrical performances and dancing places as worthwhile "denervaters":*

**Art and Mrs. Bottle**—Jane Cowl as the wayward mother who drops in on her family after an absence of twenty years and finds them badly in need of her.

**Cotopouli**—Marika Cotopouli in a repertoire of Greek classics. Program changes three times a week.

**Elizabeth the Queen**—Lynn Fontain and Alfred Lunt in Maxwell Anderson's version of her little affaire between Elizabeth and Essex.

**Grand Hotel**—A day and a half in a Berlin hotel, showing glimpses of the lives of eight travelers. Extraordinarily interesting.

**The Greeks Had a Word for It**—Three kept women try to stay kept, and are quite amusing in their efforts Verree Teasdale is outstanding as one of them.

**The Green Pastures**—Marc Connelly's Pulitzer prize winning play, with a negro cast and wonderful staging.

**Colonel Satan**—Booth Tarkington's new play, having as its theme a night in the life of Aaron Burr.

**Mrs. Moonlight**—A very nice story of how a young girl grew old and still continued to look young. Excellent English cast.

**The Man in Possession**—Leslie Banks ably demonstrates to Isabel Jeans that duty is often pleasant. Entire English cast. One of the best productions on Broadway.

**Smiles**—The new Ziegfeld extravaganza which, without the Astaires and Marilyn Miller, would be entirely valueless.

**Fine and Dandy**—Joe Cook is wonderful — if you like Joe Cook. Some very good dance tunes help Mr. Cook out every now and then. If you can answer "I do" to the first sentence, see the show.

**Girl Crazy**—We did not enjoy this show at all but, since everyone else seems to have, we shall withhold our destructive criticism. Willie Howard does a number of clever impersonations—that's all.

**Meet My Sister**—A delightfully intimate musical comedy, direct from a six months' engagement in Vienna. Some excellent singing of good songs.

**Sweet and Low**—If a musical show can be lower and still escape censor—it must be "rotten." Fannie Brice, George Jessel, and James Barton do most of the offending.

**Three's a Crowd**—Lester Allen is both clever and funny. Clifton Webb continues his disgust—dancing, which he is able to do well. The third member of the trio, her name has fortunately slipped my mind, is repulsive—especially when she attempts singing.

**Nina Rosa**—An entertaining and more musical show, with locale in Peru. Excellent singing and dancing. Cast includes Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry, Leonard Ceeley, and Armida.

**Brown Buddies**—The funniest and most elaborate of the negro shows. The cast includes the master of soft shoe dancing, Bill Bobinson, and Adelaide Hall.

## DANCING

\*Evening clothes, although not obligatory.

**Ambassador Grill, Park Avenue at 51st**—Supper dancing in a pleasant Park Avenue atmosphere.\*

**Central Park Casino**—Ethel Merman, the DeMarco's, and Leo Reisman's orchestra. Expensive, but very nice.\*  
Also very nice, and much less expensive for tea.

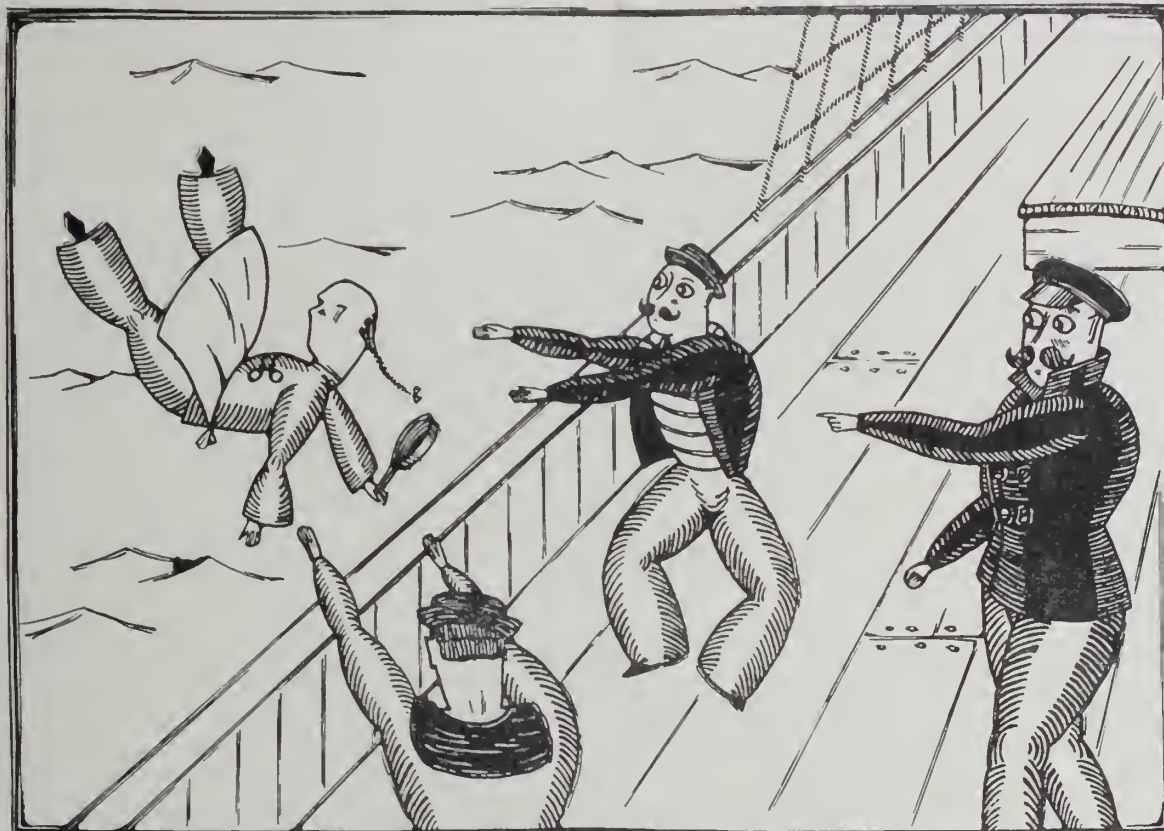
**Club Lido**—A smart after dinner crowd. Good entertainers. Must dress. 7th Ave. at 59th.

**Villa Vallee**—10 E. 60th St.—A chance to see "it" in person, and dance to wonderful music.\*

**Roosevelt Grill—Madison Ave. at 54th St.** New York's debutantes and sub-debutantes dancing to the best music in the City: Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.

**Biltmore Hotel**—Bert Lowen with an excellent orchestra. "The" place in New York for tea-dancing. 43rd St. on Vanderbilt Ave.

**Hotel New Yorker**—Bernie Cummins and his orchestra. Very informal crowd.



**"HEAVE HO",** *shouted* **CAPTAIN BEN, "EGGSHELLS IN MY COFFEE IS TOO MUCH"**  
**A FEW CHIPS** *from* **AN OLD BLOCK** *by that* **VERSATILE CHISELER HÖRL**

The hit of 1930 (We hope it strikes you) — "Please Give Me Something to Dismember You By."

o:o

No Oswald — "Non Compis Mentis" is not an old Latin folk song.

o:o

Now that exam time is here we wish to remind the seniors that a college diploma and a dime will get a cup of coffee most any place.

o:o

**Recently Heard in New York Society**

Deb: Where do you go to school.

Dub: Lehigh.

Deb: Well where are you going to go to college.

We have recently heard that the Burr is now so clean that not even the Faculty reads it, perhaps they can't understand it.

o:o

**AN OLD TALE**

Exam, Ben?

Yes.

When?

Now, rot!

What?

"Strength."

Tough?

Enough.

Cram?

Yes, Sam.

\*\*\*

Well?

Hell!

Pass?

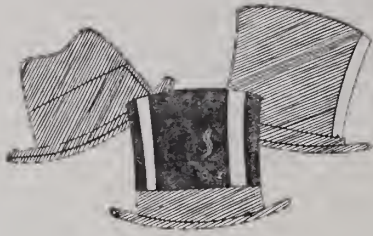
Ass!

1931 Version of "Moby Dick" "Motey Dick"; the motorcycle cop.

o:o

One student was heard to remark, upon returning from his vacation, that he had certainly got plenty of sleep. "Yes," said he, "I arose every morning at six o'clock, I was then able to return to my bed for ten more hours of sleep. "And don't you know," he continued, "I became so good at rising and returning almost immediately to bed that the last two or three days I was able to arise at six o'clock and be back in bed at six-thirty thereby gaining an half hour's sleep every day which I had been unable to get at the beginning of vacation."

## A Choice Of Hats For Evening Wear



TO wear with his dinner jacket or tail coat in the evening, a man has a choice of several hats, all of which are perfectly correct and some of which are more fashionable and a little smarter than others.

Nowadays, there is little question as to what is correct for evening wear and what is not, for the average American realizes that at least his evening headgear must be black, whatever the shape and material. He realizes that the more correct headgear is always the tall opera hat or the well-ironed and immaculate silk top hat. He also knows that a soft black felt hat is permissible with the dinner jacket.

Beyond that, unfortunately, there is some confusion for occasionally we see an otherwise well-dressed man entering one of our smarter hotels in a black bowler with an evening tailcoat. Few outfits appear more ridiculous, except, perhaps, a bowler with a formal cutaway or a stiff straw hat with knickerbockers. Either of the two tall hats—the topper or the opera—are the only correct ones, and from the viewpoint of correctness it is better to wear no hat at all than one that is obviously incorrect. A bowler is sometimes worn with the dinner jacket, but not correctly so.

The black felt Homberg is an excellent choice with the dinner jacket. It is quite fashionable in Paris, although rarely seen in London or New York, but it is never the hat to wear with a tailcoat.

And so we turn to the tall hats as the only ones that are both fashionable and correct. Of the two, the opera or crush hat is the smarter for both formal (tailcoat) and informal (dinner jacket) evening dress.

## The Correct Cut For Dress Collars and Ties

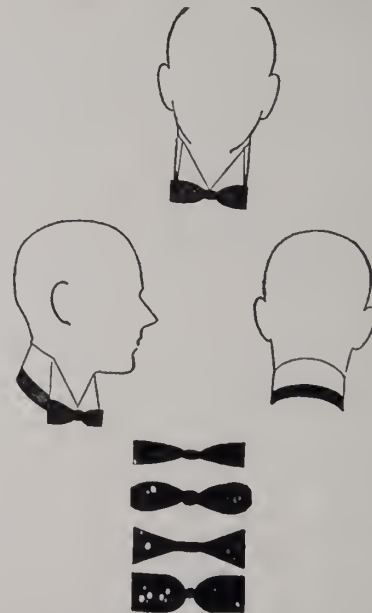
THE wing collar and bow tie of a formal or informal evening turnout are the two accessories that must be immaculate if the complete turn-out is to be at all successful. Their smartness or lack of smartness stamps the entire outfit, for they are necessarily the most conspicuous part of an evening outfit.

A perfect fit is an elementary and very obvious requisite. The right line for the collar, its wings and the bow tie is the major consideration, and while most men can find ready-made collars and ties that will do very well, there are many who should have them made to order to suit their individual requirements.

The collar, for example, should be as high as possible without causing any discomfort or even an appearance of discomfort. It should show well above the jacket or tailcoat collar and slope slightly towards the front. The wings are large and cut well back, giving a man plenty of freedom in turning his head. At the front, the tabs that fasten the collar to the neckband of the shirt should be quite narrow to allow the collar to sit very low at that point.

In general, the accepted fashion in bow ties is the rather long, narrow type, extending a fraction of an inch beyond the wings of the collar. The ends may be square, rounded, or pointed according to a man's taste.

If you are interested in any question of men's dress or etiquette, write to the "Well Dressed Man," care of the Lehigh Burr, and your letter will receive prompt attention. Please be sure to give address accurately.







*The new Chevrolet Sport Roadster photographed on the Harvard campus near Johnson Gate with Massachusetts Hall in the background*

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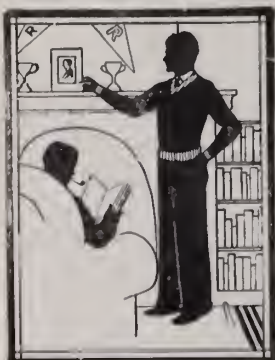
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Stranger—Hey, mister, where can I get a drink?

New Yorker—You know where Broadway is?

Stranger—Yeh.

New Yorker—Well, you go to the subway and  
ride up Broadway, then get off at 123d Street.

Stranger—Yeh.

New Yorker—After you get off at 123d Street  
walk one block west.

Stranger—Yeh.

New Yorker—Then on the southeast corner you  
will see a building.

Stranger—Yeh.

New Yorker—Well, that's the only place in New  
York you can't get a drink.—Owl.

—:o:—

"George broke up my party the other evening. He  
started to tell a naughty story and I had to send him  
home."

"Well?"

"But all the rest followed him home to hear the  
end of it."—The Medley.

—:o:—

The long spirts are just like prohibition—the joints  
are still there, but they are harder to find.

—Voo Doo.

—:o:—

"A penny for your thoughts."

"Sorry, it would ruin my amateur standing."

—Lampoon.

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Brat—Papa, what is a sinking fund?

Pa—A sinking fund, my boy, is the money the American taxpayers pay to get naval parity with the British.—Panther.

—:o:—

Summer Boarder—But why are those trees bending over so far?

Farmer—You'd be bending over, too, miss, if you were as full of green apples as those trees are.  
 —Washington Dirge.

—:o:—

TRUTHFUL

Diogenes (with lighted lamp hunting for an honest man) to Freshman: "Well, sonny, what do you know?"

Freshman: "Nothing, sir."

Whereupon Diogenes puts out lantern and goes to bed.—Amherst Lord Jeff.

HE SHOULD KNOW

Luft: Is it possible to love more than one woman at a time?

Johnstone: Not if you want to do them both injustice.—Zip 'n Tang.

—:o:—

First: "Did you enjoy yourself when you were a Freshman at college?"

Second: "Did I! Why, those were the happiest years of my life."—Stanford Chaparral.

—:o:—

Advertisement in a newspaper:—"Eskimo Spitz Pups for ten dollars apiece."—Satyr.

—:o:—

She (in poetical mood) — What are the wild waves saying?

He—Sounds like "splash."—Pitt Panther.

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"You never smoked in bed before we were married, Henry!"—Michigan Gargoyle.

—:o:—

"I get an 'A' grade every morning."  
"From Professor Bingham?"  
"Naw, from the milkman."—Wampus.

—:o:—

Charlotte—What kind of a car has Tom?  
Marjorie—A pray as you enter.—Judge.

—:o:—

STUDENTS MAY BE PUT  
ON BASKETBALL RATION  
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.  
Gad, sir, not that! Baseballs fry up lots better.  
—Jack-o'-Lantern.

He—Where were you all my life?  
She—Where I should be now.—Wampus.

—:o:—

Shoe Clerk—Do you know what wears out most shoe leather?  
Sheba—No.  
Shoe Clerk—That's right.—Longhorn Ranger.

—:o:—

"Oh, no, dear. I'm sure he's a kind man. I just heard him say he put his shirt on a horse which was scratched."—Worcester Herald.

—:o:—

Girls, when they went out to swim  
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;  
Now they have a bolder whim,  
They dress more like her cupboard.  
—Goblin.



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